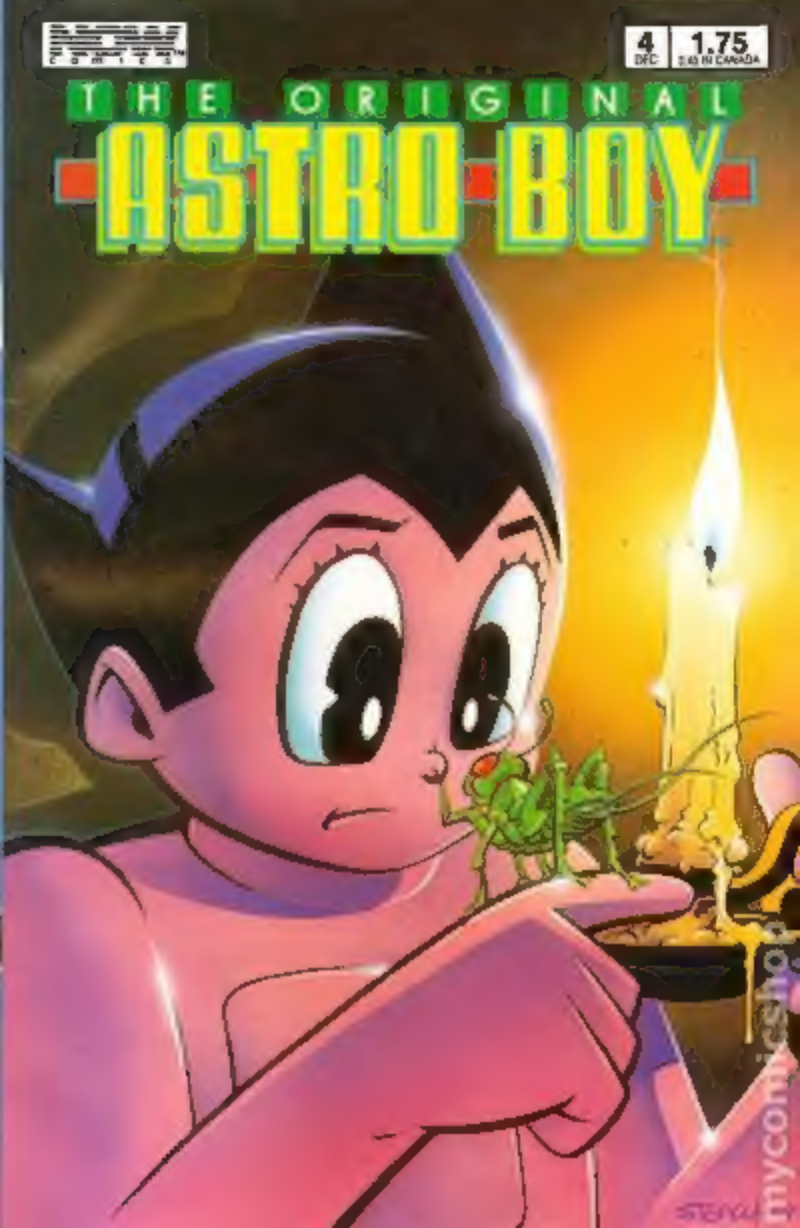

NEW COMICS
4
DEC.
1.75
1.95 IN CANADA
THE ORIGINAL
ASTRO BOY

THAT'S QUITE A CASTLE YOU'RE BUILDING.

MOM, CAN I BRING IT HOME ? I WANNA SHOW RICKEY!
OH, ASTOR, HOW DO YOU SUGGEST WE MOVE ALL THAT SAND WITHOUT IT FALLING APART ?

WELL... WE COULD... WE COULD POUR GLUE OVER IT AND THEN THE SAND WOULD ALL STICK TOGETHER -
OH - THAT'LL TAKE A LOT OF GLUE.
JEAN... ASTOR... COME HOME. JEAN... ASTOR...

DON'T YOU THINK YOUR CASTLE'S MAYBE A LITTLE TOO HEAVY ?
COME HOME... PLEASE. JEAN...?
I BET DAD COULD LIFT IT !
I NEED YOU. PLEASE BRING ASTOR HOME. I'M SORRY...
AW, MOM, LOOK !
JEAN, I LOVE YOU.
YOU CAN BUILD ANOTHER.
BUT MOM, I LIKE THIS ONE...
-JEAN!!
CLICK!

ARE THEY DEAD?
HOLO-PRO 601

THAT WAS ME... AND MY MOTHER... ARE WE DEAD?

YES - DEAD. YOU ARE ALL DEAD!
SO I CREATED YOU...
AND YOU ASKED WHO CREATED ME - REMEMBER?

Y-YES... ARIES COMPU-IX MADE MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE IMMENSE... YET THERE IS STILL MUCH I DON'T UNDERSTAND. COULDN'T HE CREATE A NEW -
WHAT!?! A "NEW" WIFE AND SON?!

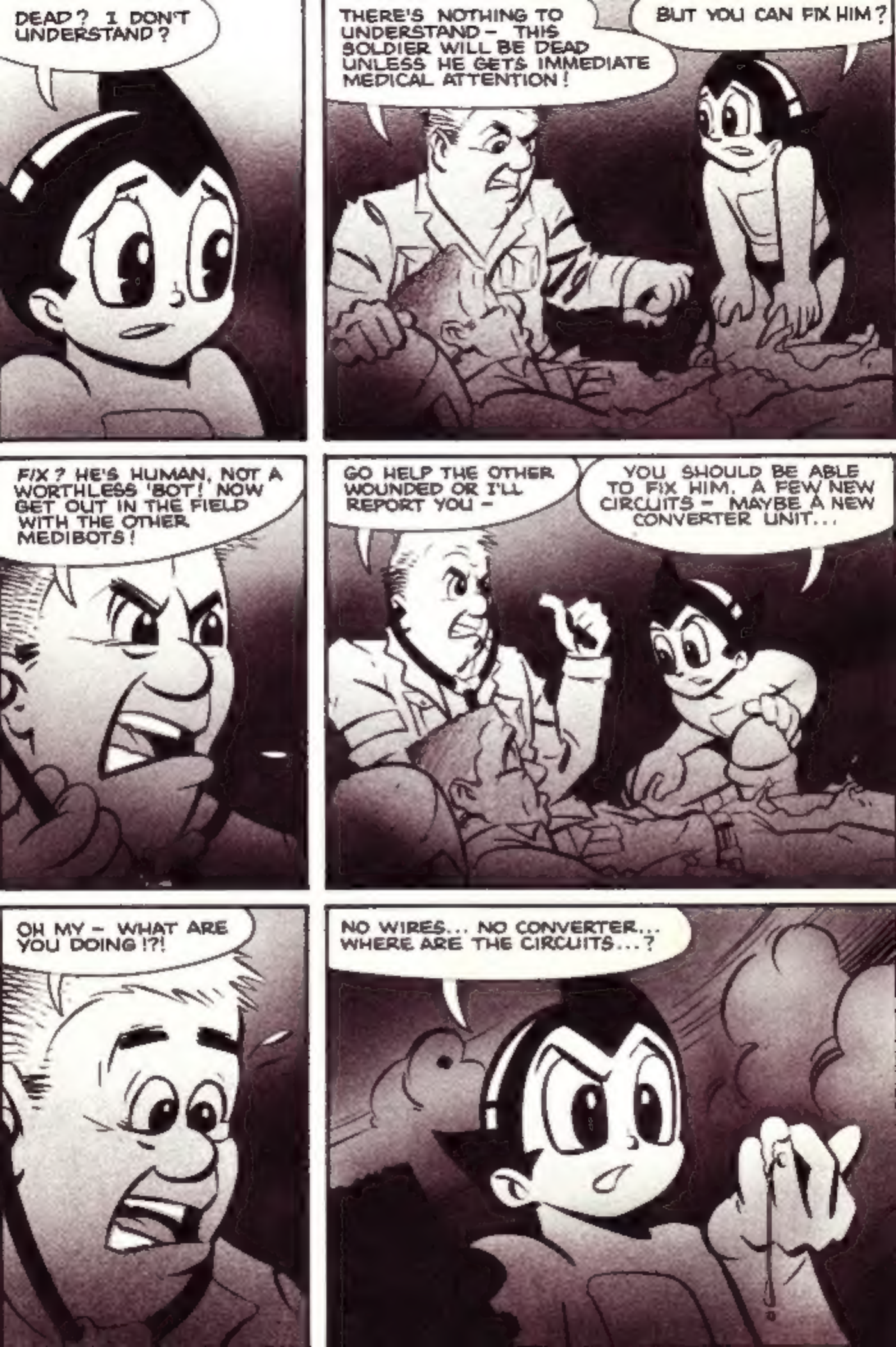
Y-YES...

DID YOU ASK ?
HA HA. HA!

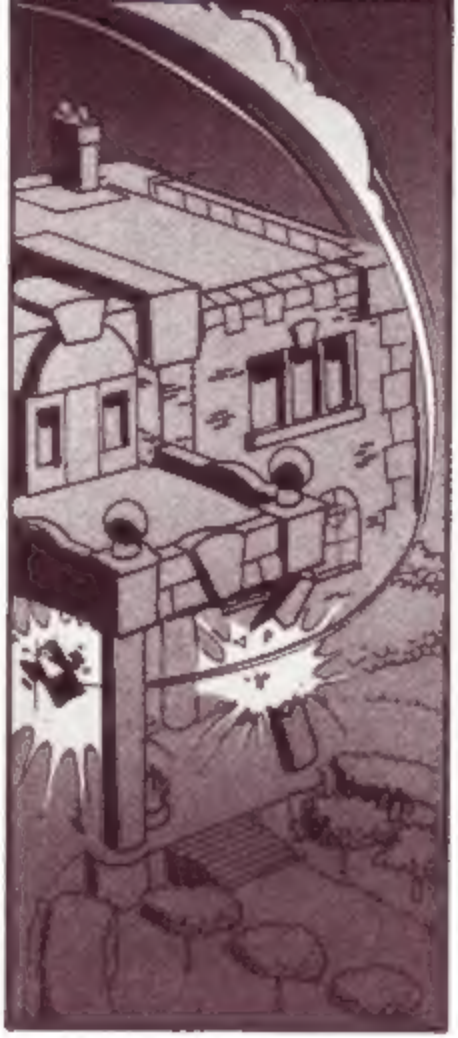
ASK ? I PLEADED, SCREAMED AND CURSED... AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID ?
NOTHING! HE DIDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE MY EXISTENCE — SO I DON'T HIS!

MAYBE I COULD TALK TO HIM ?
HEH, HEH — YOU MAY THINK YOU KNOW "EVERYTHING" — YET YOU KNOW NOTHING!

IT'S THE MILITARY —
DON'T WORRY DR. BOYNTON, I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU.
CRASH!


DEAD? I DON'T UNDERSTAND?
THERE'S NOTHING TO UNDERSTAND – THIS SOLDIER WILL BE DEAD UNLESS HE GETS IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION!
BUT YOU CAN FIX HIM?
FIX? HE'S HUMAN, NOT A WORTHLESS 'BOT! NOW GET OUT IN THE FIELD WITH THE OTHER MEDIBOTS!
GO HELP THE OTHER WOUNDED OR I'LL REPORT YOU –
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIX HIM. A FEW NEW CIRCUITS – MAYBE A NEW CONVERTER UNIT...
OH MY – WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!
NO WIRES... NO CONVERTER... WHERE ARE THE CIRCUITS...?

?!

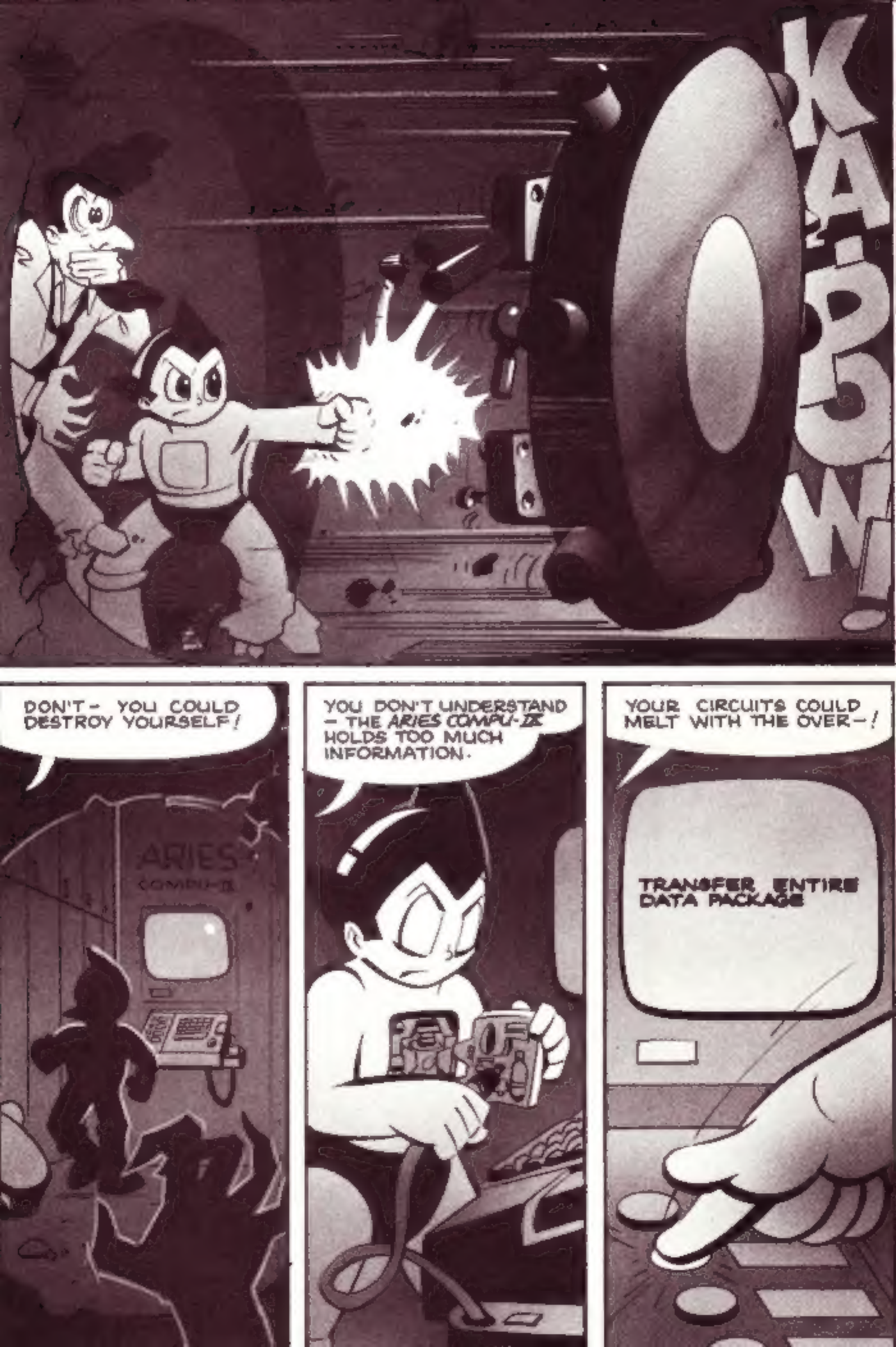


LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO OUR HOME—

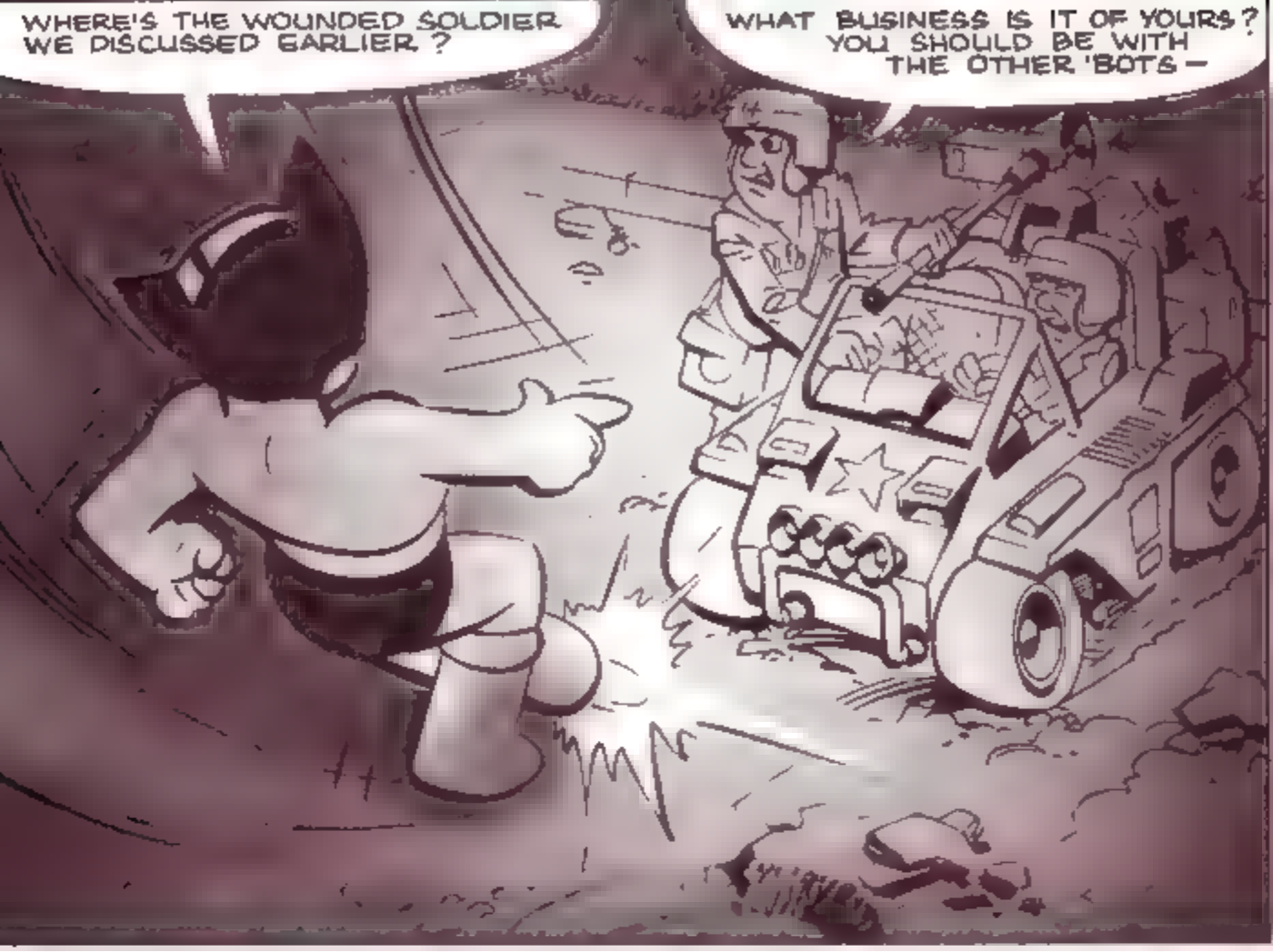
ASTOR! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, YOUNG MAN? YOU COME BACK HERE THIS INSTANT OR—

YOU KNOW BETTER— YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED IN THERE.

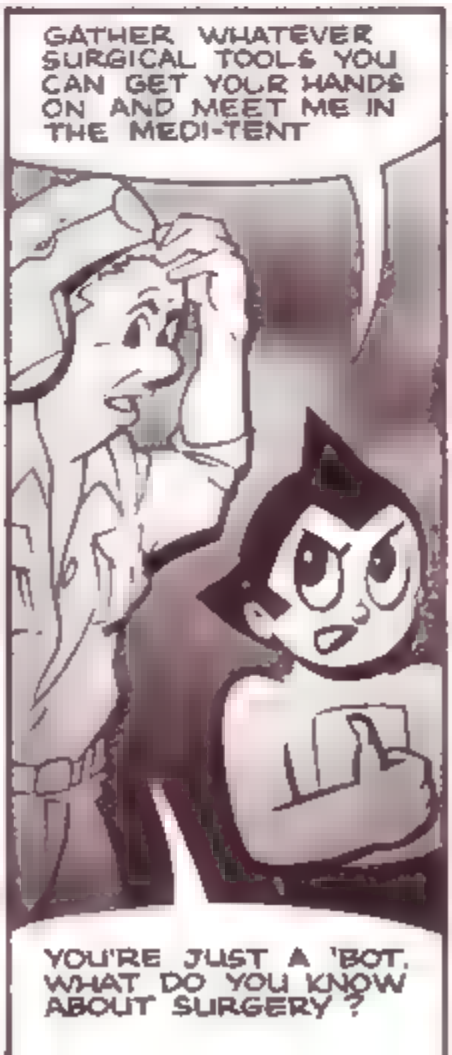
YOU'RE NOT ALL- UHF!


KABOOM!
DON'T - YOU COULD DESTROY YOURSELF!
ARIES COMPU-IX
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND - THE ARIES COMPU-IX HOLDS TOO MUCH INFORMATION.
YOUR CIRCUITS COULD MELT WITH THE OVER-!
TRANSFER ENTIRE DATA PACKAGE

SHHH BOOM!
I WILL DEAL WITH YOU LATER, DR. BOYNTON.
KRASH!

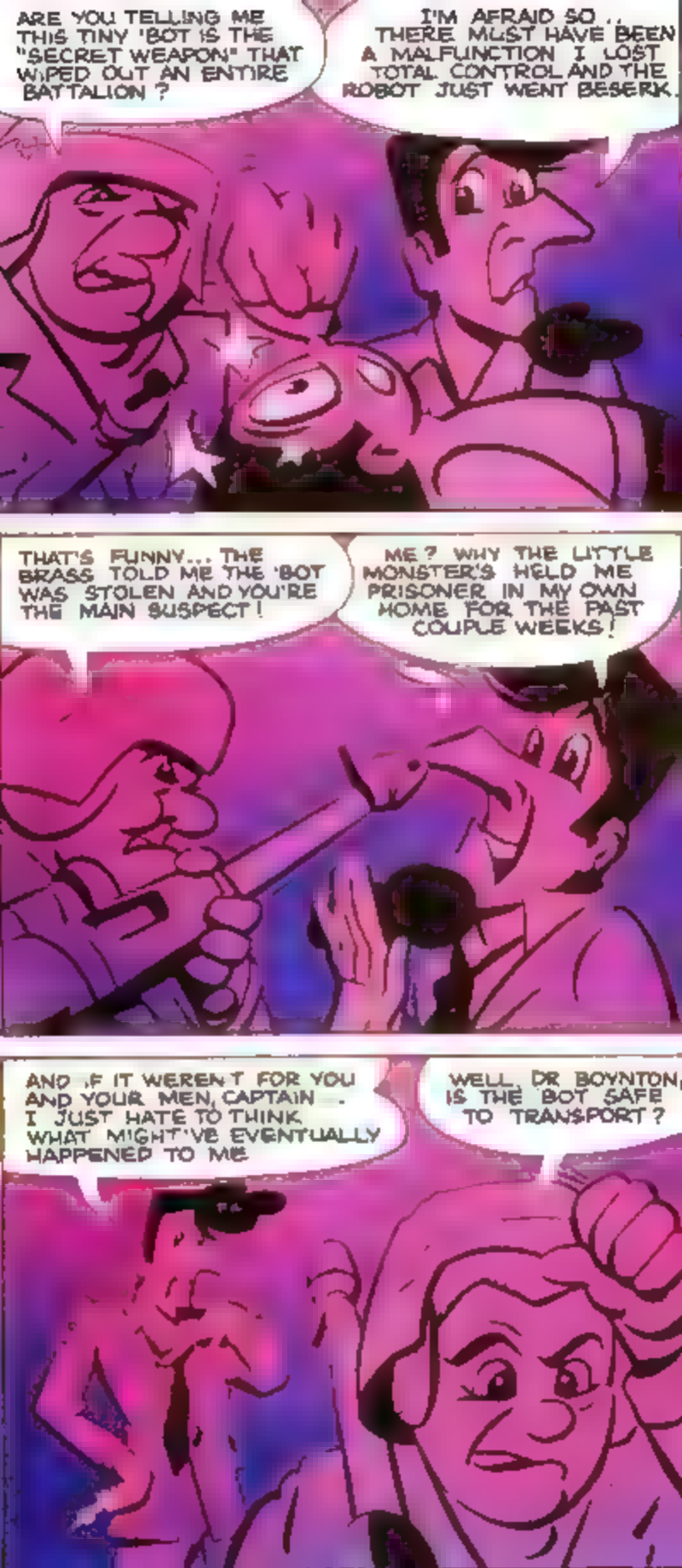

WHERE'S THE WOUNDED SOLDIER WE DISCUSSED EARLIER ?
WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS ? YOU SHOULD BE WITH THE OTHER 'BOTS —

WHERE IS HE ?
UH — IN THE MEDI-TENT — HE'S — AH, NOT DOING TOO GOOD —

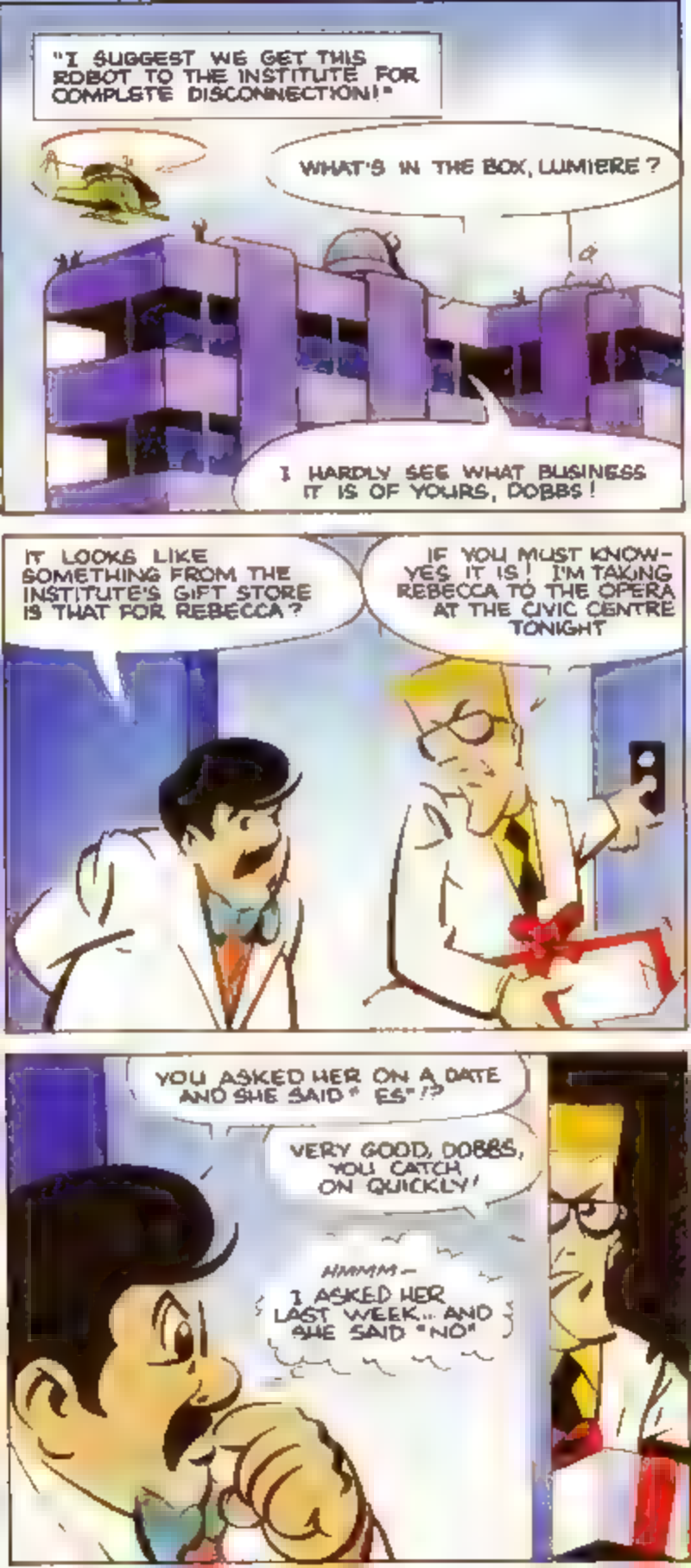

GATHER WHATEVER SURGICAL TOOLS YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON AND MEET ME IN THE MEDI-TENT
YOU'RE JUST A 'BOT. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SURGERY ?

EVERYTHING !

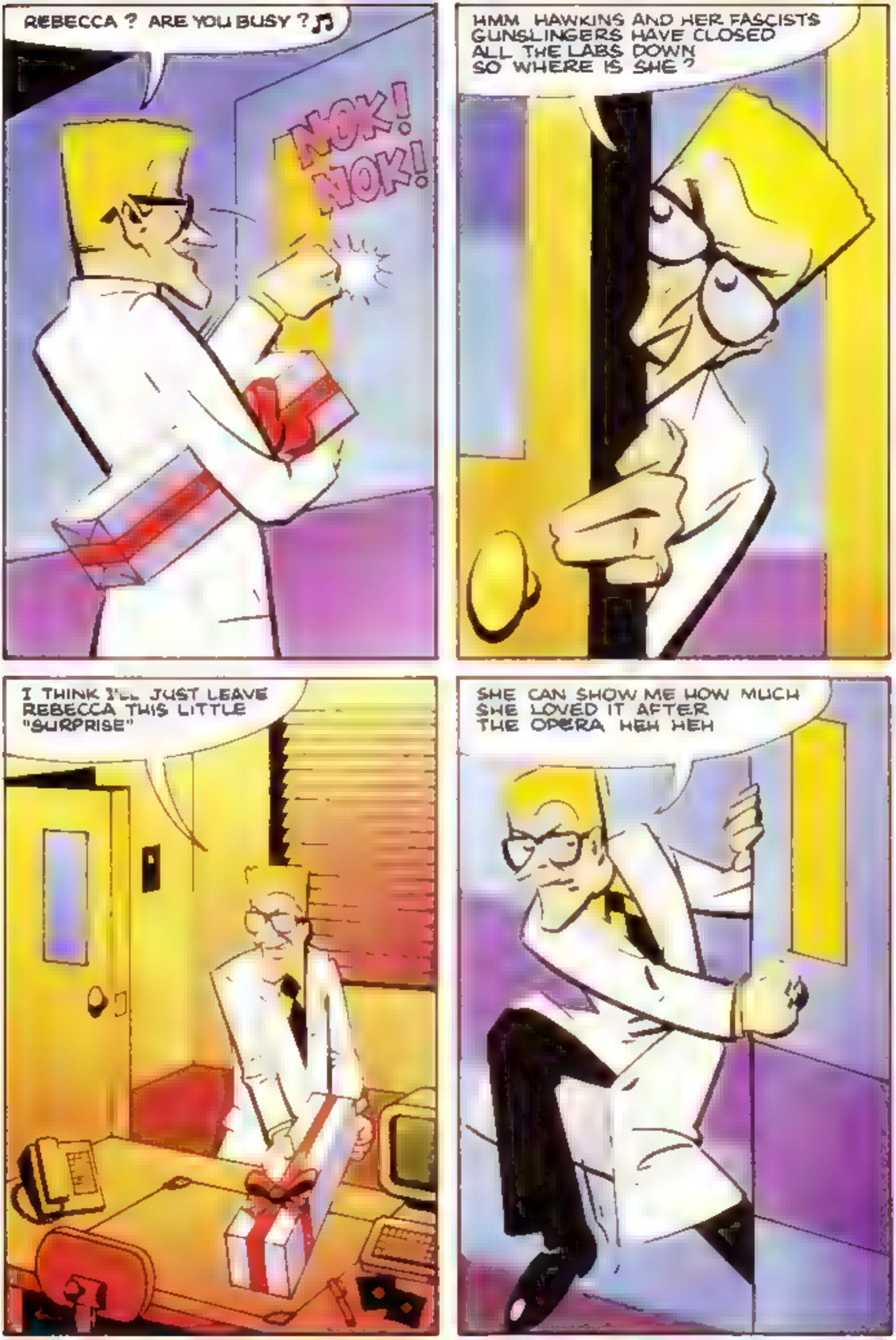
NO ONE MOVE !
DON'T FIRE ! THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING !
IF YOU'LL JUST LISTEN FOR A MOMENT, I'M SURE DR. BOYNTON —
.. WILL EXPLAIN — UUHHH-HNNNN..
THANK GOODNESS YOU WERE ABLE TO DISTRACT HIM !


ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS TINY 'BOT IS THE "SECRET WEAPON" THAT WIPED OUT AN ENTIRE BATTALION ?
I'M AFRAID SO .. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A MALFUNCTION I LOST TOTAL CONTROL AND THE ROBOT JUST WENT BESERK.
THAT'S FUNNY... THE BRASS TOLD ME THE 'BOT WAS STOLEN AND YOU'RE THE MAIN SUSPECT!
ME ? WHY THE LITTLE MONSTER'S HELD ME PRISONER IN MY OWN HOME FOR THE PAST COUPLE WEEKS!
AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN .. I JUST HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT'VE EVENTUALLY HAPPENED TO ME
WELL, DR BOYNTON, IS THE 'BOT SAFE TO TRANSPORT ?

I WAS ABLE TO APPLY A STATIC DISRUPTION ACROSS THE PROCESSING UNIT — BUT THE EFFECT WILL ONLY BE TEMPORARY.


"I SUGGEST WE GET THIS ROBOT TO THE INSTITUTE FOR COMPLETE DISCONNECTION!"
WHAT'S IN THE BOX, LUMIERE?
I HARDLY SEE WHAT BUSINESS IT IS OF YOURS, DOBBS!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE INSTITUTE'S GIFT STORE IS THAT FOR REBECCA?
IF YOU MUST KNOW- YES IT IS! I'M TAKING REBECCA TO THE OPERA AT THE CIVIC CENTRE TONIGHT
YOU ASKED HER ON A DATE AND SHE SAID "ES"!?
VERY GOOD, DOBBS, YOU CATCH ON QUICKLY!
HMMM- I ASKED HER LAST WEEK... AND SHE SAID "NO"

ONCE AGAIN - MY RIGHTFUL POSITION AS INSTITUTE DIRECTOR HAS BEEN SNATCHED AWAY!
TAKE IT EASY, BOSS. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME 'TILL PROF I Q PLENTY'S THE BIG CHEESE OF THIS JOINT!
YOURE RIGHT, SPUD, 'OL BOY. SOON I'LL RULE THIS "TOWER OF KNOWLEDGE" AND ALL IT'S SCIENTISTS WILL BE MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YAH, BOSS, YER BURNIN' DESIRE TA BETTER MANKIND!
WHAT ABOUT WOMANKIND?
OH, YEAH, I KNOW YA GOT PLANS FOR THEM TOO!
SPEAKING OF WOMEN - I THINK IT'S TIME TO WOO A FORMER FEMALE STUDENT OF MINE WITH MY UNDENIABLE CHARM.
GO GET'EM TIGER!

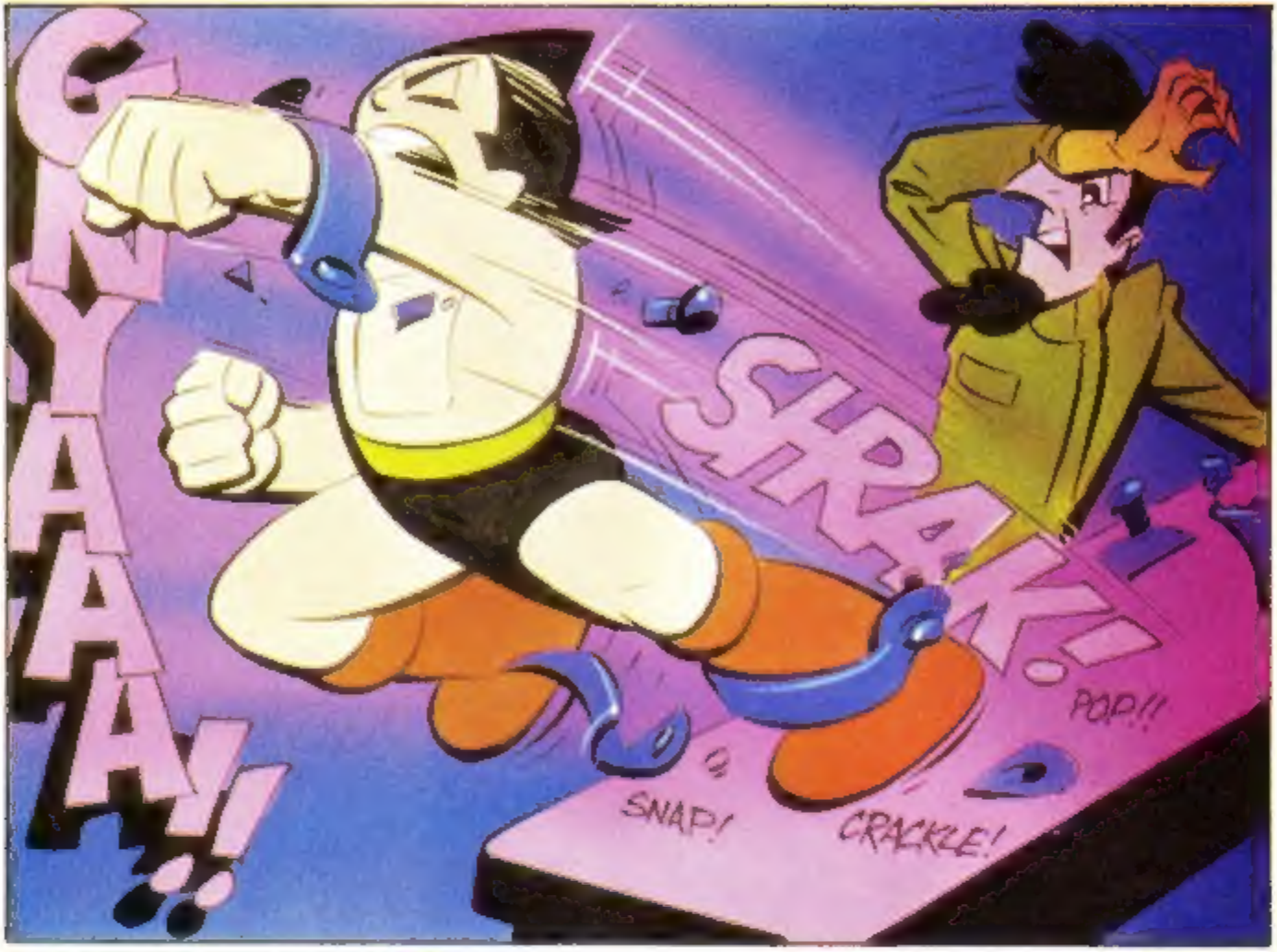

REBECCA ? ARE YOU BUSY ?♫
NOK! NOK!
HMM HAWKINS AND HER FASCISTS GUNSLINGERS HAVE CLOSED ALL THE LABS DOWN SO WHERE IS SHE ?
I THINK I'LL JUST LEAVE REBECCA THIS LITTLE "SURPRISE"
SHE CAN SHOW ME HOW MUCH SHE LOVED IT AFTER THE OPERA HEH HEH

HEH HEH
KLIK!
HEH HEH
HOW DO I LOOK ?
PRIMO, BOSS

OH, REBECCA?— YOU THINK I USED TOO MUCH COLOGNE?
NOT IF I HOLD MY BREATH.
OH, REBECCA, ARE YOU— HUH?
BUMMER, BOSS, LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE'S TAPPED INTO THE SAME GIFT-GIVING WAVELENGTH!
IT'S FROM THAT SKINNY TWERP, LUMIERE!
THAT'S THE PLAN, BOSS, THE OL' SWITCHEROO!
I WONDER IF LUMIERE'S GOT ANY TASTE— I COULD USE HIS PRESENT TO IMPRESS THE WOMAN AT THE PET SHOP!
I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN THINK ON HIS FEET!

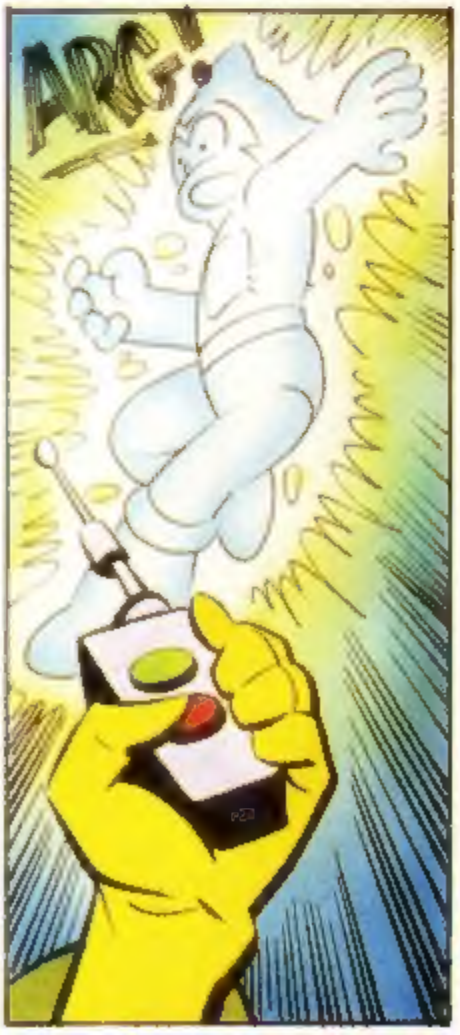
UH WHAT HAPPENED..?
WHERE AM I ?
WELCOME HOME, MY SON.
I WAS GOING TO HELP YOU. BUT YOU TRICKED ME AGAIN!
I SAID YOU KNEW "NOTHING"
PLEASE, SON, YOU'RE WASTING WHAT LITTLE ENERGY YOU HAVE.
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTILL MY STRENGTH RETURNS — AND I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
HA, HA, HA, HA! I'M SURE YOU WON'T—
BUT DO YOU THINK I'D EVER GIVE YOU THE OPPORTUNITY?

W-WHAT IS THAT - THAT THING ?!
WHY, THIS IS YOUR NEW PET, MY SON.
SAY HELLO TO BRUNO.
GET IT OFF ME!
YOU SEE, MY SON, I COULD DISASSEMBLE YOU AND SCATTER THE PARTS THROUGHOUT THE INSTITUTE -
BUT THEN THE MILITARY WOULD ASK MANY EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS...
SO THE BEST SOLUTION WAS TO FABRICATE YOUR ESCAPE -
EEYAAH!


AAAA!!
SIRAK!
POP!!
SNAP!
CRACKLE!

YOU FAILED, BOYNTON! YOU DIDN'T DESTROY ME - IN FACT, I FEEL STRONGER THAN EVER!

TSK! TSK! YOU REALLY DO HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.


ARG!

I HOPE YOU LIKE BRUNO, MY SON?
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I'M NOT "GETTING AWAY" WITH ANYTHING – YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S "ESCAPING"!
DR. BOYNTON, MAYBE YOUR-AH LITTLE FRIEND – HE NEED SOME-AH HELP TO ESCAPE, NO?
WHY, MR. CACCIATORE, WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA!
ASTOR, SHAKE MR. CACCIATORE'S HAND AND SAY HELLO.
JUST FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SON – YOU'VE ONLY EXPERIENCED THE RED BUTTON. THE GREEN ONE MAKES BRUNO BITE A LITTLE HARDER.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. CACCIATORE.
WHAT-AH NICE-AH POLITE BOY.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IF ASTOR MISBEHAVES, MR. CACCIATORE ?
OH, YES, DR. BOYNTON.
COME ALONG - AH, - ASTOR, YOU'RE-AH GONNA MEET-AH ALOT AH NEW FRIENDS.
FATHER ?
YES, MY SON ?
WILL YOU BE COMING TO VISIT ?
I'M AFRAID NOT, ASTOR. I'M GOING TO BE EXTREMELY BUSY.
THAT'S TOO BAD- GUESS I'LL BE VISITING YOU.